Vox et prætera Nihil.

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THE RIVAL PRIESTS:

OR, THE FEMALE POLITICIAN.

A FARCE.

Daniel Bellamy.

Turpe Senilis Amor. OVID.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Don MANUEL, An old rich Merchant, Uncle and Guardian to *Aquilina.*

Don ANTONIO, An old, leacherous, impotent, rich Fellow, his Boſom Friend and Confident, in Love with *Aquilina.*

Don CARLOS, A young Soldier, and an Orphan, of no viſible Fortune, in Love with *Aquilina.*

Don PEDRO. Gallant to *Biancha.*

WOMEN.

BIANCHA, Wife to *Antonio.*

AQUILINA, *Manuel's* Niece, in Love with *Carlos.*

LAURA, Her Maid.

TERESA, Maid to *Biancha.*

Servants, Porters, *&c.*

SCENE, *Madrid.*

THE

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ACT I. SCENE I.

Aquilina *leaning on a Table in a thoughtful Poſture:* Laura *waiting.* Aquilina *riſes, and comes forward.*

AIR I.

How Happy a State, *&c.*

HOW tedious the loitering Minutes roll on,
How inſipid is Life, when it's Pleaſures are gone!
Yet in Hopes of ſome Bleſſing we wiſh to attain,
We contentedly drag on whole Ages in Pain.

When Carlos *is abſent no Pleaſures I taſte ;*
But when he returns all my Sorrows are paſt :
For ſure, if our Life can e'er boaſt any Charms,
'Tis when folded within a brisk Lover's ſoft Arms.

Life without a Lover, is a perfect dull, dirty, Winter's Journey.——O *Carlos*, *Carlos !* Life has no Charms for me when thou art abſent. *Laura*, have you ſeen my Uncle any Time to Day ?

Lau. Yes, Madam, I ſaw him about an Hour ago, walking with Don *Alphonſo* in the Orange-Grove.

Aqu. Laura, you need not wait :———But be within call. [*Exit.* Laura.

Enter Don Carlos.

Car. Oh, my *Aquilina !* once more I've ſnatch'd a Moment to tell you *Carlos* is for-ever yours.

Aqu. 'Tis hard, my *Carlos*, that our Loves ſhould be ſo often interrupted ; but ſtolen Joys are ſweeteſt, and Dangers but enhance the Value of the Prize.———The Soldier and the Lover muſt endure Fatigues.

Car. Yes, Madam ; but Fame and Beauty make 'em large Amends.

Aqu. You young Lovers are never without your Compliments ; but you muſt pardon me, if, ev'n in this Hour of Joy, I tremble with the Apprehenſions of your Falſhood. Oh, *Carlos*, *Carlos !* ſhould you once prove inconſtant, think what muſt then become of the loſt, wretched *Aquilina*.

Car. Doubt not my Love.——Oh, rather with this Poinard open a Paſſage to my faithful Boſom, and ſee the Truth on't written in my Heart.

AIR

AIR II.

Buſy, Curious, thirſty Fly, *&c.*

Bleſt with Aquilina's *Love,*
No one ſure cou'd wiſh to rove;
King's with me would change their Place,
While circled in thy ſoft Embrace:
Circled in thy ſoft Embrace,
With Kings I would not change my Place.

Aqu. Well! I believe you;———but tell me, how did you eſcape old *Argus*, my jealous Uncle? I am watch'd you know, as narrowly as a Priſoner of State. I wonder that you'll venture ſo, and tremble leſt a Servant ſees you.

Car. Oh, Madam, Lovers, like him, have all their Eyes about 'em. I ſaw him make towards the Orange-Grove, in cloſe Conference with Don *Alphonſo*. Whilſt their wiſe Noddles were ſettling the Nation, I, willing to improve each happy Moment, turn'd ſhort, and flew to fold thee in my longing Arms.

Aqu. But have a Care; for you young Soldiers are his utter Averſion; he calls you Red-Coat Locuſts, the Caterpillers of the Nation, and Raviſhment, he ſays, is all you'r good for. My Virtue, he tells me, is the greateſt Concern of his Life, and the moſt ineſtimable Jewel he has in his Poſſeſſion; and one would think ſo indeed; for he watches it as narrowly, as the *Dragon* did the *Heſperian* Fruit. My old, impotent Fool of a Lover, Don *Antonio*, isn't more troubleſome or jealous. The ſecond Plague thinks his Intimacy with my Uncle, his

Wealth, and Age entitle him to watch my Conduct. 'Tis ten to one but the old Goat, whom I deteſt, will interrupt theſe golden Moments, this happy Interview thou thus has ſtolen.

Car. His Fondneſs and Impertinence are Indications, Madam, of his Love.

Aqu. Love with a Vengeance. He doats on me, juſt as a Miſer does on his Money. He thinks himſelf undone if I'm one Moment out of his Sight.

Car. When he has thee in it, he can make but little uſe on't. Waſt thou in his Poſſeſſion, all he could do, would be to lock thee up, and gaze on thee as on a lovely Picture.

Aqu. He turns and winds himſelf, like *Proteus*, into a thouſand ridiculous Poſtures, in Hopes to pleaſe me; and peers at me, tho' he ſcarce can ſee me thro' his Spectacles, as wiſhfully, as if he'd pierce me through: But there's no great Danger, the Rays are very faint.

Car. Talk of the Devil and behold his Horns. Your old Lover, as I hope to live, true as the Shadow to the Subſtance. I'll retire, and obſerve him a little.

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Odd, *Nacky!* I have been beating the Hoof after thee all the Town over; your Maid told me you had not been at home ſince the Bell rang to Chapel: But ſhe's a pert, lying, young Baggage. ——Odd, *Nacky*! I found I had loſt my Heart, and was reſolv'd to charge thee with the Felony.

Aqu. No no; 'twould paſs but for petty Larceny at moſt. The Damage isn't half a Dollar, Sir.

Ant. Odd, *Nacky*! thou'rt a Wag,——a perfect Wit, *Nacky*; but tell me now, artn't thou the prettieſt, ſweeteſt, lovelieſt Creature in all *Spain?*

Car.

Car. comes forward, and claps him on the Shoulder. } I allow it, Sir; and are not you the moſt audacious, impudent, old Raſcal in all Chriſtendom? How dar'ſt thou talk to ſuch an Angel, with ſuch an invincible Aſſurance?

Ant. Are you there, you little Rogue you? But more Manners, methinks, young Soldier, would become thee.—Old quotha!—not ſo old neither, Boy:—But wherein young Saucebox,—have I ſhewn my invincible Aſſurance, pray?

Car. In thy profane Addreſſes to the Goddeſs I adore, Sir.—Are thoſe Spindle-ſhanks, think'ſt thou able to ſupport thee in the Wars of *Venus?* Can thoſe humid Lamps of thine, that lie ſunk within their Sockets, ſtrike Fire into a Beauty's Breaſt? Thou Death's-head!—Go Home, purchaſe thee a Coffin, and get a Nurſe to ſwaddle thee.—Begone this Moment, or I'll——

Ant. What a violent hot-headed young Puppy this is! (*aſide.*) But pray, Mr *Hotſpur*, if I am that impotent, crazy, old Fellow you make of me—— why ſo hot Man? why in ſuch a Nettle?——What Apprehenſions can you have, who I underſtand, honour me with your Rivalſhip, from old Age and Impotence?——Mayn't I be truſted with a fair Lady without Offence, ha! you little Rogue you?

Car. That thou may'ſt, I'll anſwer for thee, as ſafely as an Eunuch, or a Paroquet; but, like thoſe pratling Animals, you have the Faculty of catching Sounds, and Echo-like repeating them.—One Word therefore in your Ear, Sir. ——You're an old Raſcal; and if ever I catch you hunting in my Warren again, I'll ſtrip your old H de over your Ears, and gibbet you for a Deſtroyer of the Game.

AIR

AIR III.

He that hath the beſt Wife, &c.

When decripid old Age
In briſk Love would engage,
And in amorous Speeches be wooing;
To cure his mad Pate,
A ſmart Drubbing's his Fate;
Then dread what will ſoon be enſuing, Old Boy, &c.

Ant. Odd! I don't like this hectoring, bullying Fellow, not I. The Dog, for aught I know, may have an ill Deſign againſt me, and may think to qualify me for an Opera Singer.———Odd! I was always reckoned a Man of Parts, and would not willingly be fool'd by a young Jackanapes.——But who's afraid? (*aſide*) You gibbit me, Sir! —(*to* Car. *in a Paſſion.*)

Car. Yes, you, you old Put. What has *Aquilina* done that ſhe muſt be mortified with your inſolent, impertinent Gallantries? Thou *Limberham*! thou impotent old Leacher!

Ant. Odd! *Carlos*, this is all perfect Prejudice.—Ha, ha, he! Impotent quotha! Here are Limbs Boy! —Here's a Leg! — hard and brawny!——Survey my Back; —broad and ſappy, my Lad!—Here are Eyes, you Rogue! — How they ſparkle! As bright, and roving as at eighteen, Boy. —Then for my Complexion! — See, how fluſh, and ſanguine 'tis! —Here are Gills!— As roſy as a Turkey-Cock's, Sirrah.—Examine my Inſide, Boy.—'Tis as tight, and whole, — Thanks to my good Stars, as my Outſide. — Ehem. — Sound as a Roach,

Roach, you little Rogue, you. Impotent, quotha! — Ha, ha, he! Let me adviſe thee, *Carlos*, to take ſome Steel in a Morning; for I find thou art far gone in the Spleen, Boy. — Ha, ha, he!

Car. This Aſſurance of thine deſerves, indeed, to be rectified with Steel, and I don't care, if for once I adminiſter the Cure, Sir. (*offers to draw.*)

Aqu. For Heaven's Sake *Carlos*, what are you doing? —Conſider how fatal the Conſequences may be of ſuch a raſh Proceeding. Be gone, Dear *Carlos*, and let me alone to ſooth the old Dragon; — leſt my jealous Uncle ſhould hear of your heroic Exploits, and make the Houſe too hot to hold us. Let me ſee you again, as ſoon as poſſible, but in none of your military Airs, I beg of you.

Car. I yield, my deareſt *Aquilina*. There is nothing I can deny thee.

AIR IV.

When *Fanny* blooming fair, *&c.*

What you, my Fair, require.
With Pleaſure I obey;
Whene'er you bid retire,
'Twere impious then to ſtay:
When mighty Love draws near,
All other Paſſions fly;
As Stars ſtrait diſappear,
When Phœbus *gilds the Sky.*

(Exit.)

Ant. What! is the young Puppy gone? 'Tis well he is.—Odd! Fleſh and Blood can never bear it.

Walks haſtily up and down the Stage, Aquilina *following him.)*

Aqu. Come, *Tony*, don't frown on thy *Nacky* ſo.—Sure thou art not angry, *Tony.*

Ant. Odd, but I am angry, Madam, and I will be angry,—very angry too.—Shall I be inſulted by a ſaucy Jack, juſt crept out of the Egg-ſhell?—Sword and Piſtol ſhall decide the Difference.—No, now I think on't it ſhan't neither. My old Friend, your Uncle, is a Corregidore.—I'll complain to him, and ſwear the Peace againſt the Raſcal. I'll humble the Dog that way, I warrant him.

Aqu. Nay, if you're for complaining, I'll complain too.—I'll know why you muſt be my Guardian,—watch me like a *Duenna*, and plague me with your impertinent Gallantries. Nay, I'll viſit your Wife too, and unravel to the good Woman, too good for you, all your ſaucy Amours. You an't ſo vigorous, I fancy, but you may find Employment enough at home to cool your Courage.

Ant. Odd! you dear, little Pigſneys, don't turn Telltale, but pardon my Exceſs of Paſſion, and I'll be as patient as a Lamb.—I'll forgive *Carlos* with all my Heart and Soul, Child.—but don't turn thoſe pretty, black, rolling Peepers from me. Don't frown upon poor *Tony* ſo.

Aqu. Ha, ha, he! as I hope to live, *Tony*, thy Love, and thy Anger becomes thee, juſt like thy Cloaths, very indifferently.—Thou mak'ſt but a ſcurvy Sort of a Figure in either of them.

Ant.

Ant. Odd, *Nacky*, thou art a Wag; —a perfect Wag, *Nacky*.—Whatever thou ſay'ſt or writ'ſt is ſheer Wit.—See here, *Nacky*.—(*pulls out a Letter*) Look here, you little Rogue you.—Here are golden Lines.——

(*reads affectedly.*)

Deareſt *Corydon*,
Thou knoweſt too well how much thy Form I prize;
At Sight of thee, what pleaſing Tranſports riſe:
How freely cou'd I fly into thy Arms,
And yield with Joy to thee my youthful Charms!

And ſo forth; ha, *Nacky*! Odd, you dear, little Pigſneys, if that ſame *Corydon* meant your humble Servant, I ſhould be the happieſt Dog in all Chriſtendom:—But is'nt it that more happy Dog, young *Carlos?* —Odd, I'm in a little Pain about that.

Aqu. So, Sir, I find you have been at my Scrutore, and plundered all my Papers:—Such unmannerly Freedoms are intolerable. — I'll aſſure you, Sir, I reſent this Affront to the laſt Degree; and if ever I find you tranſgreſſing this way again, depend upon it you ſhall ſeverely ſmart for it.

Ant. Smart, Child! Odd! I could not ſmart worſe than I do already, if my Skin was ſtript over my Ears:— your poor deſponding *Tony* dies with Pain. I'm all over Darts, *Nacky*, like the poor Fellow in the Almanack. Thy lovely Eyes have peirc'd me through and through, and they alone can give me Eaſe. Don't be ſo cruel, *Nacky?*— Pry'thee ſmile upon your poor *Tony*.——

AIR

AIR V.

Roger's Courtſhip.

Ah! turn, my dear Nacky, *and ſee your poor Slave,*
Mumpaty, mumpaty, mump:
Oh! ſend not poor Tony *ſo ſoon to the Grave,*
Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.
If I look but on you, my Heart beats the Tattoo,
Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump.
Then yield me thy Charms, and fly into my Arms,
Plumpaty, plumpaty, plump.

Ant. Odd, *Nacky*, break thy Chain, and run away from this tyrannical Uncle of thine, and all I have in the World is at thy Service. —But let me *Nacky*, not *Carlos*, be the Part'ner of thy Flight.

Aqu. A very pretty Declaration truly! —Thou art a warm Lover, I'll ſay that for thee:——But if ever I hear any more of your Nonſenſe, I'll tell my Uncle the whole Truth, make him your mortal Enemy, and ſo get rid of your Impertinence at once.

Ant. If thou doſt, I'll deny it all; and he durſt not for his Life disbelieve me. —And ſo you'll be ne'er the better, Child.—But if you'll be kind—I'll ſue out a Divorce, prove my Wife a barren Piece of Houſhold Stuff, and take thee to my Embraces.

Aqu. I can bear it no longer.—Thou old, impotent, paralitical Monſter, begone, or Death's thy Portion——I'll plunge a Dagger in thy luſtful Heart, and cure thee of this raging Fever in thy Blood (*Exit.*)

Ant. Hey Day! hey day! —What! is ſhe gone, and in her tragic Airs too? Odd, ſhe'd make a rare

rare Actreſs at the Playhouſe.—She has a Paſſion for me tho', I ſee that.——How her Blood roſe, and her little, ſwelling, panting, roguy Bubbies glow'd with Celeſtial Red!

Enter Laura.

Lau. Sure I heard a more than ordinary Noiſe!—What could be the Meaning of it!

Ant. Od-ſo, *Laura*,—come hither, Girl, come hither.

Lau. Did you call me, Sir?

Ant. Aye, Child. Can't you go after your Miſtreſs, and tell her—tell—Eh! you underſtand me.

Lau. Not I, I'll aſſure you Sir, I can't imagine what you mean.

Ant. Hum! ——very like you mayn't.—very like you mayn't. I believe I did not ſpeak quite plain enough:——But let me ſee.——there—— (*gives her Money*) Can't you, I ſay, go after your Miſtreſs, and tell her I'm very penitent, and beg Leave to ſee her in the Afternoon to beg Pardon? —You underſtand me now I ſuppoſe.——

Lau. Oh, very well, Sir.——You've explain'd your ſelf in the moſt prevailing Manner.

AIR VI.

Yorkſhire Tike.

When Women are fractious, and will not comply,
Yet Gold's a Temptation they cannot deny;
At the Sight of this Argument all Scruples fly,
They go down, down, down, derry, derry, derry, up and down, down derry down.

The

The Lover may cant of his Flames, and his Darts,
And think of ſucceeding by thoſe little Arts:
But here's the true Ruler of all Women's Hearts,
Brings 'em down, down, down, —*&c.*

Well! Sir, I'll do what I can for you. Come to my Chamber about an Hour hence, and I'll let you know my Succeſs. Your Servant, Sir.

Exeunt different Ways.

Enter Aquilina *alone.*

Let me conſider a little. In what a Sea of Troubles may this Love of mine for young *Carlos* in a Moment plunge me. My Uncle, ſhou'd he hear of this laſt Exploit, will either diſcard and expoſe me naked to the World, which is a ſhocking Conſideration;—or doom me to perpetual Virginity, and lock me up, like a Bird in a Cage,—in ſome diſmal Nunnery for Life.—Tremendous Thought!—It makes my very Blood run cold within me.

AIR VII.

When Love's once lodg'd within the Heart, &c.

How hard's the Cloyſter'd Virgin's Fate,
Debar'd from all Life's ſweeteſt Charms!
Shield me, ye Powers, from ſuch a State,
And give me ſafe to Carlos's *Arms.*
Tho' Age, when ev'ry Pleaſure fails,
May Charms and dull Retirement find,
While Beauty laſts, and Love prevails,
Youth will have ſomething elſe to mind.

I know not what to fix on. While *Carlos* is abſent I determine not to hazard my Uncle's Diſpleaſure

ſure: But were he here,—I'm afraid he'd ſoon find a Way to melt down my ſtrongeſt Reſolutions.

Enter Laura.

Lau. Your Father Confeſſor, Madam, is come to wait on you.

Aqu. Oh! bring him in by all Means.—(*Ex.* Lau.) In my Opinion, there's no Time ſo proper for Confeſſion as when we are engag'd in an Intrigue; for then our Sins come ſo thick one upon another, that 'tis fit we ſhou'd have ſome of them taken off our Hands.

(Laura *introduces* Carlos *in the Habit of a Friar, and then retires.*)

Aqu. Is this your Prieſt, Girl? I fancy he comes prepar'd to make a Confeſſion, rather than receive one.

Car. You ſee, my *Aquilina*, what Diſguiſes Love can teach us: Almighty Love, that transform'd *Jove* into a Swan, and converted *Hercules*'s Club into a Diſtaff, has made me what you ſee me.—

Aqu. How durſt you venture? Shou'd any of the other Servants ſuſpect you, they wou'd certainly alarm my Uncle, and then I dread the Conſequence.

Car. Fear not, my Angel.—Lovers are always ſafe. The Man that's bleſt with *Aquilina*'s Love, can never ſtart at Danger.

AIR VIII.

Cloe is falſe, &c.

Cupid, when once our Breaſts he poſſeſſes,
An univerſal Sway maintains;
Love in his Empire no Partner confeſſes,
But uncontroul'd the Tyrant reigns.

A

A Heart by Beauty warm'd,
'Gainſt e'ery Danger's arm'd:
Love all over Fears beguiles,
Nought when the Fair one ſmiles
The Lover pains.

Aqu. And canſt thou venture Life for *Aquilina?* Are thy Proteſtations all ſincere? or, are they falſe, and the Reſult of Gallantry alone? I'm conſcious of our Sexes Weakneſs; that 'tis a harder Task to keep one Heart—than conquer Thouſands. Canſt thou be true?

Car. And canſt thou doubt it?—Ungenerous *Aquilina*! I am juſt ready to give you the moſt convincing Proofs of my Sincerity: Fly with me this Moment, and let the Prieſt put it beyond the Power of Fate ever to part us more.

Aqu. His Knot can only tie your Hands, and not your Heart.—I'd have the Lover, and the Husband die together.

Car. So they ſhall, my Angel: And here upon my Knees I ſwear eternal Conſtancy and Truth.

Aqu. Riſe *Carlos*, thy *Aquilina* will believe thee. From henceforth I'll freely truſt my ſelf to thy Conduct, let the Conſequence be what it will.

AIR IX.

In vain, Dear Cloe, *&c.*

In vain wou'd Duty ſtrive to part
Our faithful Flame, and force my Heart,
That's fondly fix'd on Thee;
There's nothing but Death's ſure Controul
Divides the Body from the Soul,
And firmer join'd are We.

Car.

Car. Oh, my *Aquilina*, how ſhall I repay this wondrous Goodneſs?

AIR X.

The Early Horn.

What Joys alarm,
What Tranſports charm,
Oh, Extaſy divine!
Sound, ſound, ye Woods,
Repeat, ye Floods,
That Aquilina's *mine.*
Ye warbling Lovers, fly round
On balmy Wings, and tune your Strings;
Haſte, haſte, to catch th' enchanting Sound.

Aqu. Hark! what Noiſe is that?—As I live, my old, rank Goat again: I know him by the Smell.—What an intolerable Plague is an old Lover that one durſt not diſoblige! Come, my *Carlos*, let us return into my Cloſet.—There we may unmoleſted ſit, and the old Blood-hound never ſcent us. (*Exeunt.*)

Enter Antonio.

An. I have quite loſt Scent of her.—Where has the little Charmer of my Heart conceal'd herſelf? Odd! 'tis well if that Rogue *Carlos* hasn't been here, and carry'd her off the Premiſes.—My Heart flutters within me for Fear of him, like a Bird that's hunted in a Cage.—Ye Gods, and Goddeſſes, ye murm'ring Streams, ye ſhady Groves, Brooks, Woods, and Floods, pity poor *Tony*! I have travers'd the Houſe from Top to Bottom. If ſhe isn't in

in this Cloſet, I'll leave off my fruitleſs Search.—Perhaps ſhe may be at Prayers: But that's not very likely neither. However, I'll take one Peep to gratify my Curioſity.—

(Takes out his Spectacles and peeps at the Cloſet Door.)

Odd! there ſhe is, like a good Chriſtian, confeſſing her Sins to her old, ghoſtly Father.—How I flame with Love and Religion both at once! Odd! they are very earneſt at their Devotions.—'Tis well if the Fleſh does not get the better of the Spirit.—She has Charms enough to raiſe Vigour in a Prieſt as old as *Neſtor*. I'll peep once again.—Bleſs us! the Devil has got the upper Hand, as I imagin'd.—Body of me, they kiſs, and cling, and Prayer is turn'd to Rapture.—T'other Peep, and then.—Oh! Death and Damnation!—'Tis young *Carlos*, the ſtrong back'd, young Dog *Carlos*, in Maſquerade.—Odd! I'll blow the Dog up.—I'll teach him to take the Habit before he's enter'd into Orders, with a Pox to him.—I'll ingratiate myſelf, however, by this Diſcovery, in Don *Manuel*'s Favour, and get this Rival of mine lock'd up forever and ever.—Odd! I darn't truſt 'em tho' any longer together.—I'll knock, I'm reſolv'd, and ſpoil their Sport however.

(He ſtamps about the Stage, and knocks at the Cloſet-Door.)

Enter Aquilina, *and* Carlos, *dreſt as before.*

Aqu. Well, Sir, am I forever to be proſecuted by you. Mayn't I confeſs my Sins to my Ghoſtly Father here, but you muſt unſeaſonably interrupt my Devotions?—Hang you, I hate you, you old troubleſome, impertinent Fool you.

Ant

Ant. Tho' an old Layman won't go down with you, an old Father of the Church will, I find.—This is ſome Wolf in Sheep's-Clothing, I'll lay my Life on't. Why, *Nacky*, thou haſtn't got a Pillar, thou haſt got the Church itſelf, Girl.——Let me examine this ſtately Fabric.—Whether it be of the *Doric* or *Corinthian* Order, I can't ſay—Nature, however, Friend, prov'd but a clumſy Architect when ſhe erected thee.

(*While he's taking his Survey*, Carlos *trips up his Heels, and runs off.*)

Ant. on the Ground.) Very well! very good, Madam! This is a ſpecial Son of the Church truly!—If he has been a ſpiritual Conſolation to you, I'm ſure he has been a temporal Affliction to me.—He has made ev'ry Bone in my Skin rattle again.—Ah, *Nacky*, this Ghoſtly Father of yours, is neither better nor worſe than a Lay-Devil.—I an't ſo blind, but I can ſee a Hawk from a Handſaw—and can diſtinguiſh *Carlos* from Father *Dominic* thro' all his Canonical Diſguiſe.—Ah, *Nacky*, *Nacky*, thou art a fallen Angel,—but one of the prettieſt Devils I ever ſaw. Thy Temptations are too ſtrong to be withſtood by Fleſh and Blood, that's the Truth on't.

Aqu. Kneels.) Well, Sir, I own you have made an important Diſcovery, and if you tell my Uncle, I'm undone for ever. My Reputation is, I own, in your Hands; and if you can be ſo cruel, 'tis in your Power to expoſe me.

Ant. I accept of thy Humiliation, *Nacky*, riſe, my little Pigſneyes, give me a Kiſs, and ſeal the Secret up for ever.—Love me but a little tiny Bit now and then, and let me viſit thee when *Carlos* is out of Town, or ſo, no Confident in all *Spain* ſhall be

ſhall be more cloſe, or ready, my Girl, to ſerve thee.

Aqu. But if my Uncle ſhou'd chance to hear that there's a too cloſe Familiarity, even between you and I, poor *Nacky* muſt ſuffer ſtill, and be expos'd to his Reſentment.

Ant. Never fear, *Nacky*, he ſhall be never the wiſer, I warrant thee, Girl.—Permit me, Charmer, to ſalute that lilly white Hand of thine.

(Rubs it with his Beard.)

Aqu. You uſe it too roughly in Conſcience, *Tony*; you are too amorous, too gay for one of your Years.—

Ant. Years, Madam! why, I am but juſt turn'd of fifty, and fifty is a Man's full Prime, Madam. Let me tell thee, *Nacky*, my Blood runs thro' my Veins as briskly now, as it did at Twenty.—But ſuppoſing I were an old Lover, I have the Proverb on my Side, you know *Nacky*,

When Love creeps gently into aged Veins,
The Fire burns ſlow, but then it long remains.

Aqu. *(aſide.)* A conceited old Fool! I have heard my Uncle ſay a hundred Times, he was fourſcore when I was in Hanging-ſleeve Coats. (*To Ant.*) Well, my *Tony*! ſince you are willing to forgive this ſlip of Youth, and not expoſe my Frailty to my Uncle and the World.—I will admit of your Addreſſes, and give you all the little Liberties you can deſire:—But be merry and wiſe,—have your Eyes about you, and a ſtrict Guard to your Conduct. I ſhall be pleas'd with a Viſit in my private Apartment this Evening.—But 'twould be dangerous ſhou'd the Servants know you.—Come in Maſquerade, therefore.—(Ant. *ſnatches her Hand, and kiſſes it eagerly.*)

Ant.

Ant. I am ſo tranſported, *Nacky*!—eh!—ye little Rogue you—eh!— (*Exit.*)

Aqu. Now if I an't fairly reveng'd on him, let the World ſay I'm no Woman.

AIR XI.

The Lady's Lamentation.

Revenge, thou Dear Goddeſſes, I yield to thy Power;
Propitious, aſſiſt when thy Aid I implore.
What Maid, when thus injur'd, thy Charms can deny?
But when all Redreſs fails to thy Counſel we fly.

(Exit.)

SCENE changes to another Apartment.

Enter Antonio *and* Laura, *meeting.*

Lau. Well, Sir, what Succeſs with my Lady? have you affected a Reconciliation?

Ant. Aye, I warrant you; let *Tony* alone for that.—'Tis the kindeſt little Rogue now.—Odd! *Laura*, thou art a brave Girl, and I could almoſt find in my Heart to give thee—a Kiſs.—Odd! ſo I will too. Faith thou ſhalt have it, i'faith thou ſhalt. (*Kiſſes her.*)

Lau. Deuce on him, I expected ſomething better than Kiſſes——(*Aſide.*) And ſo my Lady and you are quite Friends again you ſay, Sir.—

Ant. None ſo great—and heark ye, I'm to viſit her this Afternoon—in Maſquerade. But Mum for that, d'ye hear.

Lau. Oh are you ſo, Sir? But as I have good Reaſon to think 'tis no Viſit of my Lady's wiſhing, I ſhall make bold to ſpoil your Sport, I believe.—(*Aſide*) Aye, Sir, I told you how it would be: You muſt

muſt not always take us Women at our firſt Words; for we are ſeldom guilty of telling Truth in Affairs of this Kind.

AIR XII.

When the Kine, *&c.*

Never truſt a Maid's Denial,
All her Coyneſs is but Shew;
Each Repulſe is but a Trial
How far the Lover dares to go.
They tho' tender,
Ne'er ſurrender
To a Sigh, or ſingle Kiſs;
Be briſk, and warm,
And boldly ſtorm,
And ſoon they'll anſwer, yes, yes, yes, &c.

(*Bell rings*) Hark! isn't that my Lady's Bell? I muſt run.—Succeſs attend you, Sir.—If you have any farther Neceſſity, pray, Sir, make uſe of your humble Servant. (*Exit* Laura.)

Ant. Odd, *Tony*! thou art the happieſt Dog under the Sun.—But now for my Maſquerading Scene. I'll in, and prepare for that.—Firſt let me conſider what Form I had beſt put on;——

Or Jove's, *or* Pluto's, *which will pleaſe her beſt?*
Neither—She's Fleſh and Blood—aſſume the Prieſt.

The End of the firſt Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Don Manuel.

WHAT a perpetual Uneaſineſs attends the Guardian of a young wanton Woman!—*Antonio* tells me *Carlos* was in private with my Niece this Morning. How he got Admittance I can't conceive.—There's ſome Roguery at the Bottom, my Life on't.—I don't know which Way to turn, or what to think.—I'll go this Moment to her Apartment, and if I catch them together, I'll take Care that two Bravoes ſhall diſpatch the Hero:—And as to the Heroine, I'll tutor her myſelf.—A Nunnery ſhall be her Portion. She ſhall be lock'd up, and fed with nothing but Bread and Water: I'll teach her Abſtinence from Fleſh, I warrant her.—An undutiful Baggage!——

Enter Laura, *in a ſeeming Fright.*

Lau. Oh, Sir! How can you loiter here, when Deſolation, Raviſhment, and Death are going forward in your Houſe?—Run, Sir, quickly, for Heaven's Sake, and muſter up all your Servants; ſtand upon your Guard, Sir.——

Man. Why what's the Matter, Girl?

Lau. Matter, Sir!——We're all undone.——You are ruin'd,——I am ruin'd,———and your Niece is ruin'd;——that's all, Sir.

Man. Ha!—How!—What!—my Niece.—Why, why, what of her?

Lau.

Lau. Too much, Sir, I'm afraid.—There's a huge, broad-back'd Fellow, the Lord knows who he is Sir,—gone in Diſguiſe to her Chamber, to rob her, of her Honour, you may be ſure, if not to ſtrip the Houſe into the Bargain.

Man. Oh!—It's that beggarly Raſcal *Carlos* again, I ſuppoſe.

Lau. I ſuppoſe not, Old Gentleman.—If it had, your Worſhip—had known nothing at all of the Matter. (*Aſide.*)

Man. 'Tis certainly He—What ſhall I do?—— Here, *Lopez*, *Pedro*, *Vaſques*! Rogues! where are you all?—Follow me.—I'll be reveng'd on this Deflowerer of Virgins.—A Son of a—Ouns! I'll circumciſe the Dog.

(*Exit in a Paſſion.*)

Laura *alone.*

Lau. Now, *Antonio*, I think we ſhall be pretty even with you.—If this doesn't give the old Fornicator a Surfeit of Maſquerading, I don't know what will.—I long, methinks, to ſee the Iſſue of this Love-Adventure.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE changes to *Aquilina*'s Room.

Aquilina alone.

Aqu. This old, fulſom Gallant of mine, is raving mad with the Fever of Love. He ſhou'd breathe a Vein by Rights, and take Purgative to thin his Blood. But ſince no Phyſician will ſerve his Turn but me, and ſince I have undertaken the Cure, I'll make him forſwear Maſquerading for the future, I'll warrant him. I'll cool his Courage as effectually,

ly, as if I had him dragg'd thro' a Horſe-pond, or I'll never turn Petticoat-plotter again.

Enter Antonio *dreſt like Father* Dominic.

Ant. Peace be unto this Houſe, and Love and Peace to the fair Saint that honours it with her Preſence.

Aqu. (*Aſide.*) That barren Brain of his cou'd find out no new Invention.—I can't ſay but he has ſome Reaſon to think of a maſquerading Prieſt: But his ſecond Diſappointment ſhall meet with a ſeverer Cataſtrophe. A Bump on the Floor ſhan't compenſate for his Folly. I'll make the Old Rogue ſtink worſe than a Poll-Cat, preſently.

Ant. Odd! this Maſquerading is very agreeable. Come, *Nacky*, come to Confeſſion, you little, dear, tempting, Angel, you; and let Prayer once more be turn'd into Rapture:——Odd! I muſt raviſh a Kiſs, *Nacky*.

Aqu. Fair and ſoftly goes far, Sir. This Love of yours is too hot to hold: If your Fire burns too furiouſly, I'm afraid it won't laſt long.—Turn about, *Tony*!—Why, you look more like a Devil than a Prieſt.——This Turn of Devotion doesn't become thee, by any Means.

Ant. No Matter for that, *Nacky*. I'm in Maſquerade, and that's enough:—But Time's precious, my Love. Let us improve each golden Moment.—I have a Propoſition to make thee, *Nacky*.—Suppoſe I ſhou'd poiſon my Piece of Houſhold-Goods, wouldſt thou be my new Furniture, ha, Girl?—Odd! ſay but the Word, and I'll ſend my crooked Rib to the D—l.—Well! *Nacky*,—what ſayſt thou? Wilt thou fold me in thy ſnowy Arms?—I'm all on Fire.—Nay, *Nacky*, be as good as your Word.

Look pleaſantly upon me, do now.—Caſt one roguiſh Leer at me, do, Pigſnyes.—Odd! let me raviſh thee firſt, and then hanſel my new Office, and give thee Abſolution.

Enter Laura.

Lau. Madam! my old Maſter is juſt come home, puffing and blowing, with a whole File of Muſqueteers after him, threatening Death and Deſolation. I heard the old Gentleman call Father *Dominic* a Black-coat Locuſt, an old Impoſter, a Wolf in Sheep's Clothing, and a thouſand Names more, that I can't remember. He ſeem'd to be in a moſt bitter Paſſion, and vow'd he'd ſtrip the old Dog of his *Aron*'s Bells: They ſhou'd never chime in to Church again.—What he meant by that, Madam, I can't ſay; but he foam'd at the Mouth like a Madman.

Aqu. What ſhall I do? I'm loſt, ruin'd, undone for-ever. Shou d my Uncle catch you in this Diſguiſe, he'd murder us both the very Moment. Where ſhall I conceal you?

Ant. The Devil take him for ſpoiling the Concert before the Inſtruments were tun'd.—'Tis a damn'd unſeaſonable Viſit.—Conceal me, Child, any where in the World. I'll creep into an Augur-hole.

(*Looking about the Room in a Fright.*)

Aqu. Come, *Tony*, for once I muſt clap you into Purgatory: As you're a Prieſt you know, you can ſoon pray yourſelf out again.—Here, in, in, in a Moment, into this empty Cheſt. (*He buries in.*) So,—lie cloſe.—(*She locks the Cheſt.*) Lie there, thou Trophy of Female Reſentment. Now, *Laura*, call me a Couple of luſty Porters. I'll ſend him to his Wife *Biancha*, for a Preſent. *Lau.*

Lau. And ſuch a one, I'll warrant, as ſhe never had in her Life before.

Aqu. I have caught the old Fox fairly now.

(*Exit.* Lau. *and returns with two Porters.*)

Aqu. Here, Friends, go to Don *Antonio*'s, and tell his Lady you came from her Husband, who has ſent her a Cheſt of the beſt *Florence* he could get upon the Keys. Acquaint her, too, that he's obliged to ſup with ſome *French* Merchants, and that he fears 'twill be late before the Company will break up.—Carry it carefully, leſt you ſhould break any of the Bottles. D'ye hear, Porters!

1 *Port.* Yes, Madam, never fear.—Does your Ladyſhip pleaſe to pay us; or muſt we be diſcharg'd where we lodge the Load?

Aqu. The Lady will content you, no doubt.

1 *Port.* (*Taking up the Cheſt.*) Heavy, and brittle too, Madam, we hope your Ladyſhip will pleaſe to make us drink.

Aqu. There's ſomething to make you careful.

(*She gives them Money.*)

1 *Port.* Heaven bleſs your Ladyſhip. If 'tis old Gold we'll deliver it ſafe, Madam.

Aqu. I don't doubt it. *Laura*, ſee the Porters out.

Lau. Out: Yes Madam. (*Exit.* Lau. *and Port.*)

Aqu. Well!—If I han't made a perfect Cure of the old Goat, I'll forſwear the Title of a Doctreſs from this Day forward.——(*A Noiſe without.*) Hark! Here's my Uncle coming in good earneſt.—His coming may help my Deſign.——I'll put on a ſanctified Look, and ſeem as if Heaven had taken up all my Thoughts. But ſuch is Human Frailty, and 'tis a Folly to deny it,—my dear, dear *Carlos* takes up the better Half.

(*She ſits at the Table, with a Prayer book in her Hand.*

Enter Don Manuel.

Man. Thou hypocritical Baggage! What! You are conning over your Ghoſtly Father's Advice, are you?

Aqu. What do'ye mean, Sir?

Man. Thou Diſgrace of my Family! How durſt you abuſe my Good-Nature, my paternal Tenderneſs, after this infamous, egregious Manner?

Aqu. As I'm conſcious of no Crime, 'tis I have moſt Occaſion to complain. How can you load me, Sir, with ſuch opprobrious Language, who am as innocent as,——*(Half crying.)*

Man. As the Child unborn, no doubt on't.—— But, Huſſy! was not *Carlos* here a whole Hour together with you in Private, under the hypocritical Form of a Prieſt, ha?

Aqu. There has been Nobody with me indeed Sir.

Man. Come, come, no Prevarications. Doesn't he now lie hid in your Cloſet? Anſwer me quickly.

Aqu. You may ſearch, if you pleaſe, Sir.

Man. What! you've convey'd him away, then, I ſuppoſe.

Aqu. What do you mean Sir? Whom ſhou'd I convey away?

Man. This is moſt amazing.——But to make you bluſh, if you've have one Grain of Modeſty left.——Know that *Laura*, your own Maid, has betray'd you. She ſaw *Carlos* come to you in Diſguiſe, and ſent me here herſelf.———

Aqu. To ſee what a pretty Spy he has ſet over me. *(Aſide.)* Well, Sir, ſince my Innocence and Reputation lie thus at Stake, I'll confeſs the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth. That there was

was a Gentleman diſguis'd, as you ſay, like a Prieſt, did make me a Viſit, muſt be allow'd; but no Viſit of my ſeeking, I'll aſſure you; and moreover, that ſame Gentleman was your Boſom Friend, and the old Dragon, which you, Sir, out of your abundant Wiſdom, pick'd out to be my Surveyor General.

Man. This is a poor, frivolous, weak-concerted Lye.

Aqu. Have but Patience, Sir, to hear my Story, and then clear or convict me.—Juſt before you came up, in crept Don *Antonio*, and had he been young enough, wou'd have raviſh'd me: Upon which, I counterfeited a ſudden Surpriſe, and a terrible Apprehenſion of your Diſpleaſure. His hot Fit ſoon turn'd to a cold one.——He trembled like an Aſpen-Leaf, and begg'd me to cram him into an Augur Hole. Whereupon, your old Cheſt ſtanding open, in jump'd the old Rat, and I have him ſafe under Lock and Key. As an innocent Piece of Reſentment, I ſent him home to his Lady —Therefore if you'll give yourſelf the Trouble to pay *Donna Bianeha* a Viſit, we ſhall catch him before he's got out of his Trammels.

Man. Ocular Demonſtration will be Conviction indeed. Therefore come along, Girl, I'm impatient till I ſee this Riddle ſolv'd.

Aqu. I'll follow you in a Moment, Sir,—Well! I think my Affairs go on ſhiningly; and if Fortune wou'd but give me *Carlos*, I ſhou'd then be happy indeed.

AIR

AIR XIII.

Grant me ye Powers, *&c.*

Grant me, ye Powers, but him I love,
No other Joys I'd wiſh to prove:
Tho' plac'd on India's *feveriſh Shore,*
His Breath loſt Zephirs wou'd reſtore;
Or tho' on Schythia's *endleſs Snow,*
His Eyes wou'd friendly Warmth beſtow.

SCENE Antonio's Houſe.

Enter Biancha *and Don* Pedro.

Bian. Come, come, you ſhan't think to eſcape ſo.—Have not I run the Riſque of a Husband's Reſentment, and parted with my dear Honour for your Sake?—and would you be gone already? Falſe, cruel *Pedro?*

Ped. You know, my dear *Biancha*, I cou'd die to ſerve you.—I fear not for myſelf; 'tis your Danger gives me theſe Alarms.——Should your Husband find me here, you'd be utterly undone.—I dread the Conſequence. Pox of her Fondneſs! Wou'd I cou'd get away.—What a dull, inſipid Thing is a Woman after Enjoyment! (*Aſide.*)

Bian. Why had you not theſe Conſiderations before you ruin'd me?—But you Men are all Deceivers, and we Women poor, eaſy, deluded Fools.—'Tis well.—(*a Knocking at the Door.*) But hark! There's my Husband in good earneſt.

Ped. Who's fearful now.—Come—Come, my *Biancha*, and let me taſte again thoſe Joys which none but you can give.

Bian.

Bian. I cannot be angry with him, tho' I know he diſſembles.——No, *Pedro*, I'm not to be deceiv'd by this Show of Fondneſs.—I ſee thro' this thin Diſguiſe.—However, ſtep but in this Cloſet till my Husband's out of the Way, and I'll ſend *Tereſa* to releaſe you.—Farewel for-ever.

Ped. And can you then prefer the cold Embraces of a Husband, to the warm Endearments of an eager Lover?

Bian. You're a very eager Lover, indeed.

Ped. You ſhall find me ſo, let me but ſee you again To-night.——— (*Knocking again.*)

Bian. In, in, we've no Time for talking.

(*She puſhes him in, and locks the Door.*)

Enter Tereſa.

Tereſa, was it your Maſter came in juſt now?

Ter. No, Madam,—two Porters with a Cheſt of Wine.

Bian. Bid them bring it in.

Enter Porters.

1 *Por.* Madam, we've Orders from Don *Antonio*, to leave this Cheſt of *Florence* with you, and to acquaint your Ladyſhip, that he ſups abroad to Night, and will make it late before he comes home.

Bian. Very well, ſet it down; you're paid I preſume.

1 *Por.* No, Madam, we were order'd to be diſcharg'd by your Ladyſhip.

Bian. What muſt you have?

1 *Por.* 'Tis honeſtly worth three Rials, Madam.

Bian. There's half a Dollar for you.

1 *Por.* Thank your Ladyſhip.

Bian. Tereſa, let the honeſt Men out, (*Knocking again*) and ſee who 'tis knocks below.

(Tereſa *goes out, and returns.*)

Teref. Don *Manuel*, and the young Lady *Aquilina*, Madam.

Bian. Deſire them to walk up.

Enter Don Manuel *and* Aquilina.

Bian. Sir, your Servant.—Your Servant Madam. (*Salutes* Aquilina.) This is an Honour I did not expect this Evening. My Spouſe has juſt now ſent me a Cheſt of *Florence*; I know, Sir, 'tis your fav'rite Liquor.—*Tereſa*, bid *Jaquiline* come, and break the Cheſt open.

Aqu. 'Tis Pity, Madam, to damage the Cheſt. 'Tis ten to one but my Uncle can oblige you with a Key that will unlock it.

Man. 'Tis very probable, Madam, as my Niece ſays, I may be able to furniſh you on ſuch an Occaſion. A Bottle-Screw, and a Maſter-Key, are my Pocket-Companions for the moſt Part.—With your Leave I'll make the Experiment.

(Biancha *gets on one Side, and* Aquilina *on the other.—After ſome pretended Difficulty,* Manuel *opens it.—All ſeem ſurpriz'd.*)

Bian. What in the Name of Goodneſs have we here? My Wine metamorphos'd into a Prieſt.—Thieves, Thieves, *Jacomo*, *Jaquiline*, *Pedro!*

Enter Servants.

1 *Ser.* Where, Madam, where?

Bian. Secure that Cheſt, and the Canonical Rogue that's wedg'd within it.

1. *Ser.* What wou'd your Ladyſhip have us do with him?

Bian.

Bian. Firſt, toſs him in a Blanket, and then carry him before a Corregidore.

1 *Ser.* We'll do our beſt, Madam: But theſe ungodly Guts were never made for mounting.—Run *Pedro* for a Blanket.

(*During the laſt Speech,* Ant. *attempts to run away.* Pedro *goes out and returns with a Blanket.*—— Man. *and* Aqu. *talk together. Servants go to take hold of him. He diſcovers himſelf.*)

All Ser. What! my old Maſter in Maſquerade.

Bian. My Husband!— Oh! grant me Patience! *Tereſa, Pedro's* in the Cloſet.—(*Aſide to* Ter.) Oh! I ſhall faint. What villainous Deſign where you upon? How came you in this Dreſs?——Why was the Cheſt ſent here? What! you was jealous I ſuppoſe.

Aqu. Have Patience, Madam.—Now, Sir, behold my Guardian, in the very Habit he pretended I receiv'd my Viſits in, to the Ruin of my Virtue, and your Credit.

Ant. Oh! I'm ruin'd—diſcover'd — undone — dead—Oh! the Devil take all Maſquerading, I ſay.——

Ban. What! —you can be vigorous, it ſeems, abroad, — though you're a Drone at home: But I'll make you find your Sting—I will you treacherous Villain.—I proteſt, I ſweat at his Impudence. —That any virtuous Woman ſhou'd be us'd thus! (*Half crying.*)

Man. This, Niece, is Demonſtration indeed. ——I'm now fully convinc'd of his Hypocriſy, and your Innocence. Why, you perfidious old Raſcal! What Excuſe can you make for this baſe

Attempt

Attempt to diſhonour my Family? How can you anſwer it to your Wife too?

Bian. Ay! How can you anſwer it to me, you Villain? — to me, that have been ſo faithful a Wife, ſo tender a Yoke-fellow; —— and muſt I be thus! — You'll break my Heart, — you will, you treacherous Creature. (*Crying.*)

Man. Let me beg of you to defer your Reſentment.

Bian. I will be patient.— But I—m ſu—re I'--ve be--en a ten--der Wif--e to hi--m. (*Sobbing.*)

Man. What have you nothing to ſay in your Defence.

Ant. Say, Sir,—why, I plead guilty, and repent me of all my amorous Impertinences to your Niece; and to make her Attonement, I will confeſs a Secret, which I thought for ever to have kept conceal'd.

Man. Riſe, and let us hear what you can propoſe.

Ant. Thro' my Miſrepreſentations of Don *Carlos*, you—ve ever had an unjuſt Opinion of his Fame and Fortune. His Father died when he was young, and left him wholly to my Care; I, like other covetous Guardians, robb'd him of his Right, and turn'd him adrift: Therefore, if you'll give *Aquilina* to the Man that loves her, in juſtice to his Wrongs, I'll make him worth ten thouſand Piſtoles to-morrow.

(*During this laſt Scene*—Pedro *and* Ter. *appear at the Stage Door,—and* Biancha *beckens them to go croſs;—they make ſeveral Attempts, but turn back for Fear of being ſeen. At laſt they creep off undiſcover'd.*)

Bian. I can bear the Villain's Sight no longer.

(Biancha. *follows* Ter. *and* Pedro.)

Man.

Man. Here's my Hand. What's paſt ſhall be forgot. —What ſay'ſt thou, *Aquilina*, to a Husband?

Aqu. Your Will was ever, Sir, a Law with me.

Man. Why, then, let's ſend for the Gentleman, and the Prieſt ſhall join your Hands immediately.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Don *Carlos*, Sir, waits to ſpeak with you below.

Ant. He comes in good Time; deſire him to walk up.

Enter Carlos.

Carlos, my Boy, come hither.—I have wrong'd thee.—To tell thee how, would be too tedious at preſent. However to make thee Amends, I have prevail'd with my old Friend Don *Manuel*, to crown your Joys with *Aquilina*'s Hand.

Car. to *Man.* May I hope for ſo great a Bleſſing?

Man. Take her, and may you both be happy!

Car. Is it poſſible? And can I call my *Aquilina* mine?

Aqu. You ever had my Heart, my *Carlos*, and 'tis a double Pleaſure to have my Uncle's Approbation of my Love.

Car. O, riſing Joy!—Henceforth let none deſpair. The Revolution of a Day may bring ſuch Turns as Heaven itſelf could ſcarce have promis'd.

AIR

AIR XIV.

Car. *Gentle Fortune's riſing Graces,*
Loſt in Tpanſport, I receive;
And ſince bleſt in thy Embraces,
All her former Frowns forgive.
Aqu. *Thoughts tranſporting riſe to charm me,*
Aqu. *And each bliſsful Hour recal;*
Tho' ten thouſand Fears alarm me,
Here I find a Reſt from all.

Ant. Henceforwards, *Carlos*, I ſhall always look upon you as my Son; and you, *Aquilina*, no longer as my Miſtreſs. but my Daughter.

Man. My Wiſhes too attend you both; and as I have no Children of my own, what I ſhall leave at my Deceaſe ſhall all be yours.—

Car. How ſhall I repay this wondrous Goodneſs?

Aqu. This is a joyful Day indeed.

Enter Biancha.

Bian. I have overheard this lucky Turn in your Affairs, (to *Carlos*) and wiſh your happy Union may for ever laſt.

M. A. C. And now, Madam, here only wants a free Pardon for *Antonio* to complete our Joys.

Ant. I will humble myſelf before my dear Spouſe. (*falls on his Knees*) Forgive but this one raſh, indiſcreet Action, and I'll never tranſgreſs again.— Behold, *Biancha*, your penitent *Tony* on his Knees.

M. C. A. Pray, Madam, be perſuaded.

Bian. Upon your Intreaties, I forgive what's paſt.

Ant. Odd! you dear, tender-hearted Rogue, this ſhall be my Wedding-day too; and I will ſo tumble and kiſs thee: — But firſt we'll have a Dance—we'll ſhew the young Couple what we can do.—Here, *Jaquiline*, run, Sirrah, for the Fiddles.

Man.

Man. We'll firſt in, and diſpatch the young Folks; and then conclude the Day with all the Joy ſo happy a Cataſtophe deſerves.

AIR the laſt.

Car. *The Ship that has long on the Ocean been toſt,*
And by the ſad Owners given over for loſt,
To them ſafe returning—leſs Pleaſure does give,
Than I in my Dear Aquilina *receive.*

Aqu. *The Gameſter by Fortune depriv'd of his All,*
Tho' one lucky Hit his loſt Guineas recal,
A Stranger remains to that infinite Bliſs,
Which, Dear Carlos, *you give me in each tender Kiſs.*

Man. *Among all the Virtues Men ought to embrace.*
Firm Conſtancy wears the moſt permanent Grace;
And thoſe that are faithful, and conſtant, will find
The Gods at the laſt to their Wiſhes prove kind.

Ant. *Let ours then a Pattern of Conſtancy be,*
to That all loving Couples like us may agree.
Bian. *We forget, and forgive: —Ah! What Joy wou'd enſue,*
Cou'd our AUTHOR *but find ſuch Indulgence from* YOU.
We forget, &c.—— (To the Audience.)

FINIS.